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MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

October 3.

MOURNFUL is the almost solitary theme left me to descant on in my present letter. It is the heavy loss which the French stage sustains both in its honour and ability by the death of Mad. Rose Chéri, whose unblemished private character rendered her an exception, though, it is just to say, not a solitary one, among her co-mates. The fact that this lady fell a victim to her maternal devotion (the cause of her death being diphtheria, caught of her son, whom she was nursing) is so emphatically set forth in all the obituary notices published on her in the French papers, that it is at once made plain how little the most ordinary domestic virtues are expected to be found in company with histrionic eminence. The career of Rose Chéri has shown that, even in France, a woman can be born, as it were, within call of the prompter's boy, and live an entire life on and by the stage, without forfeiting one jot of the substantial virtues and outward respectabilities which best besem her sex, and which it is but a cheating exchange to part with for any amount of the glitter and tinkle of public distinction. The deceased actress was the daughter of a M. and Mad. Cizos, provincial actors, and came into the world, at Etampes, thirty-seven years since. Owing, it is said, to some absurd pun on his name having annoyed him, her father changed it to Chéri, and the assumed cognomen acquired early celebrity from the talent which his daughter displayed as a child in the part of Léontine Focq. Her *début* in Paris took place at the Gymnase, in June, 1842. The piece in which she appeared was *Estelle*, but she made little or no impression on this occasion. Another chance was afforded her a month later, when she was fortunate enough to give marked tokens of the talent she subsequently developed with such conspicuous success. Having become the chief ornament of the Gymnase, she was promoted to the chief place in the household of its director, and became Mad. Montigny. She was doubtless a most accomplished actress, although, to my mind, somewhat cold and artificial. Not a little of the favour she enjoyed with the public, however, was due to the respect she inspired from the known purity of her private life and the amiability of her character in all her social relations.

On Monday M. Faure made his *début* in the Poniatowski opera *Pierre de Medicis*, which has undergone certain modifications, which the princely composer himself, M. St. Georges, the writer of the book, and M. Emilien Pacini, joined in effecting. These changes consist in the suppression of the lugubrious scene in which Laura was deprived of her locks, the capillary sacrifice being now prevented by the timely arrival of Peter, who saves her from the fatal shears and unites her to his brother. The former *finale*, also, is now replaced by a grand concerted piece, with chorus and the principal part for the tenor. This piece was never before executed, and was written by the Prince for M. Fraschini, who was to have sung it at Madrid.

At the Opéra Comique, *L'Etoile du Nord* has been revived for the return of Mad. Ugalde, who, in spite of spiteful detractors, soars as triumphantly as ever above the difficulties of her part. The character of Danilowitch is transferred to M. Pouchard, owing to the departure of M. Delaunay Riquier; and Mad. Reilly replaces the likewise absent Mlle. Prevost, as one of the vivandières. M. Roger has returned, and sang last week in *Haydée*, but he has been mute since from illness, whether the usual "morbis tenoris" ("indisposizione di tenor")—I know not.

The bills of the Théâtre Lyrique alternately announce *La Statue* (M. Rety's opera) and *Le Bijou Perdu*. Mad. Cabel's appearance in *Jaguarita* is promised ere long.

Paris, further than the above, yields little more news of a musical interest. So I must make an excursion to foreign lands. Let us to St. Petersburg, taking Berlin by the way. In the latter city the Royal Theatre is preparing to produce Spontini's opera of *Nurmahal* on a scale of extraordinary magnificence, the occasion being the rejoicings on the coronation of King William I. The chapel choir of Berlin—technically called in the language *Dom Chor*—is to take part in the ceremony at Königsberg. They are to appear in a costume special to such occasions, and which is thus described:—a scarlet levite or gown, black breeches with buckled garters, buckled shoes, black velvet cap. As fine feathers do not make fine birds, quirksters in scarlet are none the less prone

to fail in expression as well as in tone. Ere I go to the north you may just think it worth a short round about only just to find out that at Frankfort-on-the-Maine the people have been playing an opera by Schubert, which is not exactly new, but has never been played before, though they say it's a beautiful score. *The Domestic War* it is christened, and I am told the public listened with the most intense delight, applauding with all their might at the posthumous production which now by Time's effluxion is allowed to see the light—why so late astounds me quite. What the critics find to praise they express by this neat phrase—the colouring is delicately fine; what they mean I can't divine. Now let's off to the capital of the Czar, the distance on paper is not far. Here again the funeral knell fills the air with its solemn swell, singing the old melancholy song, "Short is life though art is long." I regret in short to state that the manager of the State-opera here is now the late M. Cavos, for a fit—apoplectical to wit—has removed him from the scene, and this curious fact I glean—that the present house of mourning is the same that he was born in. He was buried with all honour, all his troupe, from "prima donna" to the chorus, taking part in the "Requiem" of Mozart—which was chanted o'er his grave. Here permission let me crave to enumerate the names of the signors and the dames, who are worthiest to be noted in the troupe I just have quoted: Ladies first, Mads. La Grua, Nantier-Didiée, Fioretti, Bernardi, Dottini and Everardi. Gentlemen next, Signors Tamberlik, Graziani, Everardi, Marini. The sudden death of the manager has retarded the opening of the season. Your readers have already been told that the new opera Verdi has been composing expressly for St. Petersburg is to be entitled *La Forza del destino*. It is said that the maestro has asked and is to have 80,000 fr. for his score (3,200*l.*). Much more will be spent on the "getting up" of the opera, and it is doubtful whether the large capital fund thus sunk will return a profit, for the public of St. Petersburg is a limited one, and does not constantly recruit itself from the rest of the empire as do those of Paris and London. Some people think some of the money to be thus hazardingly expended might more wisely have found its way into the coffers of the National Lyrical Theatre, which is sadly in want of leading artists, and would be none the worse for an extended repertory. The old ballet of *Esmeralda*, than which few since produced have been better, has been produced at the Théâtre Marie, with Mlle. Nadedja Bogdanoff in the part so charmingly created by the regretted Carlotta Grisi—whose "trundaise" was wont to be the chief joy of our truant days.

I suppose it is not information to your readers to say that Meyerbeer takes the direction of the music for the coronation festival at Königsberg, and that he has composed a solemn hymn expressly for that occasion. It may be news, however, to state that in the ancient city of the Prussian kings there is an opera house, and that recently in that opera house was performed Herr Wagner's Opera of the *Phantom Ship*, and that to hear that opera the honest Königsbergers flocked in vast numbers, hailing the work of the prophet composer with mighty enthusiasm.

The Italian Opera of Paris opened last Tuesday with *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. Of this event more in my next. Here is the cast of Gluck's *Alceste* at the Grand Opera: Alceste, Mad. Pauline Viardot; Une Suivante, Mlle. Taisy; Admète, M. Michot; Le Grand Prêtre, M. Cazot; Caron, M. Coulon; Hercule, M. Borchard; Apollon, M. Mechelaere; Evandre, M. Kœnig; Un héraut, M. Freret.

NEW YORK.—Herr Ullmann appears to be in a bad way. There is no chance, for the present at least, of his securing the services either of Mad. Medori or Mad. Charton, so that, in all probability, the Empire City will remain this season operalless. This seems to be Herr Ullmann's own view of the matter, for he has let the Academy of Music to Professor Hermann, the conjurer; and, if in his heart he wishes that worthy gentleman could conjure him away to some land where debtors can walk about without fear of unpleasant consequences, surely no one can blame him.

ST. PETERSBURG.—Signor Cavos, composer and stage-manager of the Imperial Opera House, is dead.

MUSIC AT BERLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

ALL our vocal stars have returned, and are once more shining away in the firmament of the Royal Opera-house. Mlle. Lucca has made her appearance as Leonora in Verdi's *Trovatore* with immense success. This young lady has been very lucky. She has won the hearts of the Berlin opera-goers by storm, and seized, in almost no time, on the giddy position of a popular favourite. I perfectly agree with the opinion of the public as to her merits, for we might seek in vain all through Germany for many singers endowed with such a voice as that which she possesses; but, while admitting all her good qualities, I cannot help thinking it would be far preferable, and certainly far more artistic for her, not to be always employing certain high notes, simply because she happens to possess them, while other fair artists do not. She was especially great in the last act, and was rewarded by the most enthusiastic applause. I am sorry to say she was prevented by sudden indisposition from repeating her performance, as announced in the bills. Let us hope her indisposition will not be of long duration. The other parts were well sustained by Mlle. De Ahna, Herren Formes, Betz, and Fricke. — Mad. Jachmann Wagner appeared once more on the operatic stage as Orpheus in Glück's *Orpheus und Eurydice*, previously to quitting the Opera-house for the theatre. A great many people deprecate the resolution she has thus adopted, or is said to have adopted, on the ground that no one is to be found like her in such parts as this very part of Orpheus, and in those of Clytemnestra, Statera, Sextus, Eglantine, Lady Macbeth, &c. &c. On the 21st September the Royal Opera-house was crammed to the very ceiling. Not a nook or corner was unoccupied. Not a place was to be got for love or money. The cause of this unusual concourse was a very proper wish on the part of the public to pay a suitable mark of respect to a retiring veteran. — After an active professional career of fifty-two years, Herr Zschiesche took his farewell as Sarastro in *Die Zauberflöte*, and, considering the extensive range of his repertory, which included operas of the German, French, and Italian schools, as well as those of the description more particularly designated "opéras comiques," it must be owned that his place will not be so easily filled up. Herr Zschiesche was also a good oratorio-singer, and a valuable member of the Singacademie. He was a worthy representative of old art, such as is, now-a-days, not often met with. During the course of the evening he was nearly overwhelmed with flowers and laurel wreaths, and called forth several times while the opera was proceeding, as well as when the curtain had fallen on him for the last time. In a short, but feeling speech, he thanked the public for the kindness they had always displayed towards him, and, after requesting they would still sometimes think of him, withdrew, visibly affected.

The admirers of Meyerbeer—and their name is legion—will be pleased that the King of Prussia is shortly to be crowned at Königsberg. If you ask me the reason I have for making this assertion, I reply thus: "I do not pretend, for it would be absurd in me to do so, that the admirers of M. Meyerbeer are, as a class of persons, separate and distinct from each and every other class of persons, particularly interested in the fact that his Prussian Majesty will shortly, as is now generally known, be anointed King in the old city of Königsberg, if we look upon that fact in a merely political light. But we do not look upon the fact aforesaid in merely a political light. Far from it. We look at it in a musical light as well. M. Meyerbeer, who, as you are aware, is Royal Musical Director-General, and, moreover, as you may perhaps not be aware, a Doctor into the bargain, has been entrusted with the composition of a grand march for the coronation. This, I think, will satisfactorily account for the presence of the lacteal fluid within the adamantine and hirsute sphere* of the fruit where-with the simious tribe are said at times to pelt, in playful sportiveness, unwary travellers. This march will be played by the bands of the cavalry and infantry regiments, stationed in the courtyard of the palace, during the passage of their "Most highest Lordships and highest Lordships" to the Palace church and back. On the

* It is thus that the Germans, with a total disregard for grammar—as understood, at any rate, since the time of Shakspeare—and a slight obliviousness of their own dignity as human beings, designate the King, and his royal and aristocratic entourage.

evening of the coronation there will be a grand concert in the Moscovite Room, at the palace, and this concert, also, will be under the personal direction of M. Meyerbeer, who has just returned from Ems on his road to Königsberg.

Talking of this self-same coronation, I must inform you that, some time since, the well-known music publisher here, Herr G. Bock, offered a prize for the best triumphal march in honour of the event. Eighty-three competitors have answered the appeal. Fifty-two contributions have come from the kingdom of Prussia itself. Of these 21 have proceeded from Berlin, 8 from the province of Brandenburg, 4 from Preussen, 3 from Pomerania, 6 from Saxony, 5 from Silesia, 3 from Posen, and 4 from the Rhine provinces. From other parts, 1 came from Anhalt-Köthen, 5 from Bavaria, 1 from Bremen, 1 from Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, 1 from Hamburg, 2 from Hesse-Darmstadt, 1 from Lübeck, 2 from Mecklenburg-Schwerin, 3 from Austria; 2 from the kingdom of Saxony; 1 from Saxe-Weimar; 2 from Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt; 1 from Wurtemberg; 2 from France; 1 from England; 2 from Italy; 1 from Russia (Smolensk), and 2 from Belgium. Herren Taubert and Dorn, of Berlin, and H. Lachner, of Munich, have kindly consented to act as umpires, and decide on the merits of the eighty-three marches, and a very agreeable and amusing task they will have, I make no doubt. I wonder whether they will have the marches all played over by a full military band stationed on the stairs or in the backyard of the house where they meet to agree on their decision. If so, I should say the other tenants, and their neighbours, will be much pleased, particularly those subject to anything like headaches. Fancy Mr. Babbage under the circumstances!

Signor Merelli, the *impresario* of the Italian Opera at the Royal Opera-house, has just arrived with the tenor, Signor Emilio Pancani. Herr Strakosch, also, from New York, has paid us a visit, on his way to Vienna. Signor Merelli's company commences its two months' engagement on the 1st October, and is thus composed—Sopranos: Carlotta Marchisio, Maria Rideri; altos: Zelia Trebelli, Barbara Marchisio; tenors: Pancani, Montanari; baritones: Squarcia, Zacchi; bassos: Agnesi and Coselli; buffo: Borella, and conductor: Orsini. Adelina Patti will be added, in a week or so, as *prima donna*. For small parts, artists of the German company will lend their assistance, and sing in Italian. The chorus, on the other hand, which will be that of the Royal German Opera, will sing in German. An admirable arrangement is not it? It will save a small sum in the salaries and conduce so much to the dignity of art!

Herr Dorn has just concluded a new opera, entitled *Der Pastetenbäcker* (the *Pastrycook*), words by Herr M. Heydrich. It is to be produced after Christmas.

The following fact cannot fail to interest all admirers of that great genius who wrote the "Pastoral." A number of his admirers collected, during his lifetime, four instruments, consisting of a violin by Nicholas Amati, 1690; a violin by Joseph Guarneri, 1718; a viola, by Vincent Regeri, 1690; and a violoncello, by Andreas Guarneri, 1712. On these instruments well-known masters used to play Beethoven's music in his presence. The instruments afterwards got dispersed, and passed into various hands, until, at length, Herr Peter Jokits, a merchant at Vienna, succeeded in purchasing them all, and offered to present them to the Royal Library in Berlin, on condition of their always being known as "Jokits-Stiftung." His offer was accepted, and the instruments are now in the Royal Library here. On special occasions, works of Beethoven, and Beethoven alone, will be played on them.

The King has just bestowed the Gold Medal for Art upon Herr Franz Mücke, in return for a composition that gentleman lately dedicated to his Majesty. By the way, while I am treating you to the gossip of this very sandy capital, I must not forget to state that Herr von Liszt has just arrived from Silesia, and that Herr Ad. Henselt has returned to St. Petersburg. Among the arrivals to which, according to report, we may look forward some time next month, is that of George Jacobi, first violinist of the Grand Opera, who won the prize at the Paris conservatory this year. It is his intention, so, at least, it is said, to play in public here.

VALE.

MUSICAL DOINGS AT WIESBADEN.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

THE end of the present season has been, in every way, equal if not superior to its commencement. On Friday last, for instance, there was a grand concert, excellently attended, at the Cursaal, when not only was the programme first-rate, but the galaxy of talent such as could be rarely surpassed, even in London or Paris. In the first place there was Sivori, then Herren Kontski and Stockhausen, with Mad. Cambardi from Paris and Milan. Besides all these, Herr Oberthür, the celebrated harpist from London, lent his valuable aid on the occasion, as did also the admirable chorus from the theatre and the Cäcilien-Verein.

The concert commenced with the overture to *Oberon*, admirably rendered by the orchestra, under their talented conductor, Herr Hagen. This was followed by one of the best choruses in Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. I allude to the one beginning, "Siehe, der Hüte Israel's," which the members of the Cäcilien-Verein sang in a manner which reflected the highest credit on every one concerned. The next thing was Sivori's performance of his own fantasia on motives from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, a performance which obtained for him no end of applause, though his greatest hit was made in the "preghiera" from *Moses*, with variations, by Paganini, which he played on the G string alone, his violin, for the nonce, boasting of no others, so that he might well have exclaimed, like the magicians, prestidigitateurs, and wizards of the north, south, east, and west, who sometimes burst forth upon the public in all the refulgence of patent leather boots, immense diamond rings, impossible shirt fronts, and overpowering waistcoats, "There is no deception, ladies and gentlemen, there is no deception." He was greatly applauded. Another great feature of the evening was a concerto by Parish Alvars for the harp, a concerto "interpreted," as some writers term it, by Herr Oberthür. This fine artist is a great favourite here, in the first place for his talent, which is undoubtedly first-rate, and then from the fact of his being a citizen of the place, having been a member of the band at the theatre for a considerable time. Besides the concerto above mentioned, Herr Oberthür played two pieces, entitled, "Méditations," and "La Cascade," both original. His performance produced a very deep effect, and called forth the most rapturous plaudits from his delighted auditory. Herr Stockhausen sang an aria from Boieldieu's *Jean de Paris*, and songs by Schubert and Schumann; Herr von Kontski performed a concerto-symphony of his own for piano and orchestra, and a grand fantasia on motives from the opera of *Atila*, both the fantasia and the opera from which the motives are taken being his own composition; and Mad. Cambardi sang the cavatina "Casta diva" from *Norma*, and the grand air from *Ernani*. The concert was brought to a conclusion by the final chorus: "Dank sei dir, Gott," from *Elijah*. It was given for the benefit of the Paulinenstift, which is under the patronage of her Highness the Duchess.

WEIMAR.—According to the prevalent report, the Grand-Duke has not been successful in prevailing on the Court of Saxony to forego its old grudge against Herr R. Wagner. The Grand-Duke had intended to bestow upon the latter, who was present at the late musical festival here, the order of the Falcon. He made inquiries, therefore, whether such a step would give offence in Dresden. The reply he obtained was to the effect that, if he persisted in his resolution, twelve officers of the Saxon army, who had received the order, would send it back. Under these circumstances, not only was the order not bestowed on Wagner, but a torch-light procession, which was to have been got up in his honour, never came off. Liszt is so indignant at these proceedings that he has determined to leave Weimar. In reference to this matter, the *Neue Preussische Zeitung* remarks, "It is well known that, despite the numerous benefits Wagner received from the King of Saxony, he took a most active share in the Dresden May insurrection."

BRUNSWICK.—On the 1st instant the old theatre was permanently closed. The new one will be opened in the early part of October with *Iphigenia* and a piece written for the occasion. The first opera performed will be *Tannhäuser*, still a novelty here, and the next M. Gounod's *Faust*.

DUSSIK, DUSSEK, DUSCHEK.

(Written expressly for the MUSICAL WORLD and DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC, by ALEXANDER W. THAYER.)

THE three names at the head of this article are, in fact, but various modes of writing the same, as adopted by different persons, who in their day made it famous. The doubled *s* in the Bohemian language is equivalent to the English *sh* and the German *sch*; and out of Bohemia *e* seems to have been thought better fitted to secure the correct pronunciation of the second syllable than *i*. The name is found with as many variations as Rode's air. Gerber, indeed, quoting from the German edition of Burney's *Tour*, gives it in the *Lexicon* of 1792 as Dulsick. Not having the English copy of Burney at hand, I cannot decide whose error this was—Burney's, his printer's, his translator's—or the printer of the latter. Beside the forms given above, it will be found written Ducheck, Dusseek, Duschek, Dussick, and perhaps still otherwise. The father of the English Dussek wrote his name Dussik; the friend of Mozart at Prague wrote his Duschek.

The recent revival of some of the English Dussek's compositions, through the efforts of the director of the Monday Popular Concerts, and their performance in public by Miss Arabella Goddard—the interest which all students of musical history must feel in the Duschek of Prague, as Mozart's friend—the large space which artists of this name filled at one time in the musical world; these and similar reasons are sufficient to justify an attempt to compile such an account of the Dussiks—the true way of writing the name—as will put an end to the present confusion in relation to them.

This article, however, will not be an attempt to write biography, but simply the compiling of scattered notices (for the first time) into what our French friends might perhaps call "Mémoires pour servir." &c. Its basis will be the notices in Dlabacz's (or Dlabatsch's) "Künstler Lexikon für Böhmen" (*Lexicon of Bohemian Artists*). This Gottfried Johann Dlabacz was a monk, librarian and chorus-master in the convent Strahow, at Prague. His lexicon, a labour of love, running through some thirty years, appeared in 1815 in two volumes quarto. No work of the kind by a single author was ever perfect. Witness Fétis (1st ed.) and even Gerber; our English musical biographical dictionaries are unluckily below even contempt; and so may many an error be pointed out in Dlabacz. But as to the Dussik family to which J. L. D. belonged, his authority is unquestionable, his notes having been made from the oral communications of that artist's father and mother. This remark seems to be necessary, because the authorities recently followed in England, in a notice of J. L. Dussik, are directly contradicted by Dlabacz in some points.

The following is, I believe, a complete list of the Dussiks, who have made themselves known in the musical world:—

1. Johann Joseph Dussik married Veronika Stebeta.
2. Wenzel Dussik.
3. Johann Ladislaw Dussek married — Corri.
4. Franz Benedict Dussek.
5. Veronica Rosalia Dussik married — Cianchetti.
6. Adalbert Dussek.
7. Franz Duschek married Josepha Hambacher.
8. Karl Duschek.

Adalbert Dussek and Wenzel Dussik may be dismissed in the few words, which Dlabacz has granted them.

"The former," he says, "was a distinguished concert-master on the viola d'amour, and lived in Prague as a virtuoso upon that instrument in the years 1745-7, being in the habit of playing "as was then the custom, on still moonlight nights in the public squares of the old town, to the universal applause of the people who collected about him, in which performances he was accompanied by Wenzel Petrik a very skilful performer on the violin-cello." He made the course of philosophical study at Prague, became a priest, joined the order of Cistercian monks, and entered the convent at Königssaal, near Prague, where he died about 1768.

Wenzel Dussik, born in 1750 at Mlázowicz (Mlatovitsch) in Bohemia, was a younger brother of Johan Joseph Dussik, who took him into his family and tutored him into a good organist and bass-singer. He began life as an organist at Olmütz, but after

some years of service there, returned to his native country, and became organist at Eiche; whence after a time he accepted the place of "school-rector" at Bitesch in Moravia, where he died about the close of the century.

JOHANN JOSEPH DUSSIK.

In a history of the provincial town Königingrätz, in Bohemia, a family of this name is mentioned as giving magistrates to the town so long ago as 1472—1497. Two and a half centuries later, a Dussik—whether a descendent of that family or not, Father Dlabacz does not appear to know—lived in the town of euphonious name, Mlazowicz, as "Wagenmeister." What the hocus-pocus was a *Wagenmeister*? A mere peasant driver of wagons? a mechanic—the builder of four-wheel vehicles—a grade higher in society? Or was he master of the post-coaches? If so, he was a small official. Or was he an owner of coaches and horses, and thus "one of the first men in town?" If the latter, this Dussik was a very good match for Elizabeth, daughter of George Schreiner, teacher at Holowaus, and of local reputation as bass singer. At all events, that match was made, and when he died, 1749 or 1750—Dlabacz is a little confused in his dates here—he left Frau Elisabeth with two boys on her hands—Johann Joseph, born in 1739, and Wenzel (noticed above), an infant at the breast—or was he a post-humous child? But let Dlabacz go on with the story, with as much of his quaintness as I can give in English.

The widow "gave the ten-year old boy into the school of her brother-in-law, Johann Wlachs", a skilful tutor of the musical youth of Mlazowicz, and in a few years had the joy to see him a preceptor in the same school, where he not only very often took upon himself the duties of his uncle, but out of gratitude remained with him several years.

"Thence he came, as assistant in a school, to Langenau, where he studied thorough bass so zealously, and taught the boys so assiduously, that three years later he was called, as second teacher, to Chlumec. As he here, and indeed in all that region, had the reputation of being a very good organist and a skilful teacher of youth, the magistracy of Czeslau† offered him the positions of organist and head teacher in the town school of that place. He accepted these appointments in 1759, and began the duties of his office with great applause. To them he gave his days—but his nights, sometimes the whole night through, to the scores of a Caldara, a Bach, a Fux, a Tuma, &c., which he studied, and from which he copied pieces suited to the wants of his pupils. Order, industry, piety, and the long-desired finer culture of the pupils, reigned in his house. And thus he gained both love and honour, and the pupils respected him as their father. For them he thought he might be able to do more if he should share domestic cares with a 'house-mother.' Her he found in Veronika Stebeta, a daughter of Judge Johann Stebeta—whose services to the town had been of great value,—whom he married, May 9, 1760, and who bore him two sons, Johann Ladislav and Franz Benedikt, and one daughter, Veronika Rosalia; all three, at this present, great virtuosos. For how could he, who gave such an excellent musical education to the children of others, have failed as to his own?"

"Duly fitted by study at home, both sons were early provided with places in choirs; the one as a singer in the Minorite Church at Iglau, the other as organist in the Convent Church in Emaus, where he enjoyed for several years the guardianship and aid of the brave composer and organist, Father Augustin Ssenkyrez (Shenkeerch).

"In the year 1802 Dussik had the pleasure to see once more, in his old age, one of his sons, J. L. Dussek, one of the greatest virtuosos in Europe,—together with his daughter, Veronika Rosalia, who had married M. Cianchettiini,—and to enjoy their well-earned fame.

"Dussik has written a great deal; and among his best works are—one Pastoral Mass, two short Litanies, one Regina Celi, and many pianoforte sonatas, fugues, and toccatas, which have received the praise of a Burney and other great musical experts.

"Among his pupils of high rank he gave special praise to Baro-

ness Obiteczky of Obitecz and Rabenhaupt, by marriage Baroness von Litzau.

"In 1807 he was still living in Czeslau, and still the best teacher there."

So far Dlabacz. Burney visited him in 1771 (?), and speaks of him as one of the very first among German organists. When he died I cannot make out; but in a notice of his son's death in Paris, in 1812, the father is said to be still alive at Czeslau.

Johann Ladislav (or Ludwig) Dussek, eldest son of the preceding, was born at Czeslau (Haslau), Feb. 9, 1761. Dlabacz, Gerber, and others, write his name like his father's, with an *i*; the *Leipziger Allg. Mus. Zeitung* generally writes *e*, as do, of course, the English and French publications of his day. Hence the great confusion which has arisen as to the authorship of works by Dussik and Dussek.

"He began," says Dlabacz, "to play the pianoforte (or harpsichord) in his fifth year, and, upon the testimony of his own father, to smite the organ in his ninth."—This expression is an old German oddity. In old musical works people always *play* (spielen) the harpsichord, but *smite* (schlagen) the organ.—"Thereupon he went to Iglau as soprano singer, where he lived some years under the care of his near relation, Father Ladislav Spinar (at that time chorus-director in the Minorite Church), at the same time 'hearing the Humanities' (pursuing liberal studies) under the Jesuits; which course (of study) he continued two years longer at Kuttenberg, where he was organist in the Jesuit Church. After this he went to Prague, heard philosophy, and took the degree of Master.

"At this period it was his desire to join the order of the Cistercian friars, but his youth prevented his admission into the convent Saar. So he entirely gave up his pious wish, willing by music alone to seek his fortune in the world. He was successful. He soon made a journey with his special protector, an Austrian captain of artillery, to Mechlin (Malines), where he remained some time as pianoforte teacher, and thence went on to Bergen-op-Zoom and Amsterdam."

In those days, it should not be forgotten, Austria held most of the "Low Countries," which accounts for the constant intercourse between the musicians of Prague and Vienna on the one hand, and those of the Rhine countries on the other; a fact which had great influence upon the career of many artists, Beethoven among them.

"In those two cities he made his public appearance as a young 'Tone artist,' and published some of his better compositions."

Dussek must have been very young at this time—perhaps twenty-one or twenty-two years of age—no exact dates are given. The first contemporaneous notice which I find of him is in Cramer's "Magazin der Musik" (Hamburg and Altona), in an article of notices of new music, headed with the date January 15th, 1783. It is this:—

"Concerto pour le clavecin ou pianoforte avec accompagnement de deux violons, alto et basse, deux hautbois et cors ad libitum. Composé par Dussik, œuvre premier, libro 1 et 2: à la Haye chez Hummel et fils.—Trois sonates pour le clavecin ou pianoforte avec accompagnement d'un violon ad libitum."

Upon these works "W.," whoever he may have been, remarks: "In both the concerto, as well as in the sonatas, the leading quality is a lively and brilliant execution; we find, especially in the first two, much that is both new and good; so that this hitherto unknown author, who is a Bohemian, gives promise of that excellence in his future works to which we have become accustomed through the productions of a Mislwezeck, a Duschek, and others of his countrymen."

We next find Dussek in Berlin, in 1784. This was the period of the great popularity of Franklin's harmonica, and instrument makers were everywhere endeavouring to find some sort of key apparatus to take the place of the wet fingers in producing the tones. In Berlin two men in particular, unknown to each other, were then endeavouring to solve the problem: Röllig, a very accomplished Viennese, distinguished afterwards for several interesting musical inventions, and a certain Hessel, whom Gerber calls a mechanician, from St. Petersburg, but who, according to Röllig (in a letter to the *Leipziger Musik-Zeitung*, February, 1803), was an excellent portrait painter from Courland. These two men accomplished their object, each in his own way. Röllig afterwards

* Call it Flax—that is near enough.

† Chaslaw:—more recently the C (the open C) has been expunged, and the name is written Haslau.

travelled extensively with his instrument, upon which he was very skilful, while Hessel's passed into the hands of young Dussek. Gerber says, in the *old* Lexicon*, writing at the latest in the winter of 1789-90, "I remember still with pleasure having been witness in Cassel, in 1785, of the extraordinary skill, precision, and rapidity of both hands of this great artist upon the pianoforte, and of his learned and judicious execution upon the keyed harmonica. He was then travelling to exhibit the instrument. It was in no way different from the ordinary harmonica, except that the glasses were put in motion by a treadle and band, and were arranged in three rows instead of one, for the greater convenience of adapting the keys."

In his notice of Hessel, Gerber says, after copying a description of the instrument, "I can testify to the correctness of this description, as I heard Herr Dussek play upon the very instrument here described, in Cassel, in 1785. He enchanted all his auditors by a slow harmonic introduction, full of learned modulations, followed by the choral 'Allein Gott in der Höh' sey Ehr.' He, however, at that time claimed the instrument as *his own invention*."

"But not alone as a performer," continues Gerber, "but also as a composer, this young man (Dussek) takes a superior rank among the Germans. There have already appeared from his pen:—

- 3 Pianoforte Concertos with accompaniment, Op. I. at the Hague.
- 6 Pianoforte Sonatas, with 1 violin, Op. II., Hague.
- 6 ditto ditto ditto Op. III., ditto.
- 3 ditto ditto with violin and violoncello, printed [at Berlin in 1786; and, finally,
- 3 Easy (Kleine) Sonatas at Paris, Op. I.

"Judging from the Berlin publications, the ruling qualities of his compositions are uncommon delicacy and the finest taste, combined with fine invention and great knowledge of harmony. There would be nothing left to wish, if this fire and this richness of invention did not too often mislead him into forgetting the art of expressing his ideas within due limits."

From Cassel, Dussek made his way to the electoral court at Mainz (Mentz), "where he gained the favour of the nobility, and the affection of distinguished 'tone-artists.'" (Dlabacz.)

In 1786 he went on to Paris with the hofmeister (steward?) of the French ambassador at Berlin, where he played in the presence of the queen, Maria Antoinette, who granted him her protection. Gerber makes him go thence directly to London; but Dlabacz says, "Notwithstanding this (i.e. the favour of the queen) he was forced away from Paris by his longing to see Italy. So he journeyed to Milan, where he gave concerts both upon the pianoforte and the keyed harmonica, and won the universal respect of the Italian musicians. Similar proofs of regard were shown him on many occasions by Germans, and the distinguished Saxon Kapellmeister Ernst assured his (Dussek's) father in a very friendly, and for the son most flattering letter, that when passing through Dresden, he had gained the high opinion not only of the entire electoral orchestra, but of the Elector himself, and of all the Court."

Means are wanting to trace him through the years 1788-9—probably English publications may supply them—but Gerber says he had gained firm footing in London as teacher of the pianoforte in 1790, and Dlabacz mentions the "Princess" of York as one of his pupils.

Joseph Haydn, too, found him in London, and thought so highly of him as to write to the elder Dussik in Czaslau as follows:—

"Most worthy friend,—I thank you from my heart that you, in your last letter to your dear son, have also remembered me. I therefore double my compliments in return, and consider myself fortunate in being able to assure you, that you have one of the most upright, moral, and, in music, most eminent of men, for a son. I love him just as you do, for he fully deserves it. Give him, then, daily a father's blessing, and then will he be ever fortunate,

* Gerber's "Lexicon der Tonkünstler" is in two parts, that of 1792 in 2 vols., that of 1812-14 in 4 vols. The latter is not a new edition of the former, but its complement and supplement. One must have both. The preface to the "old Lexicon" is dated March 26th, 1790.

which I heartily wish him, for his great talents. I am, with all respect, your most sincere friend,

"London, Feb. 26, 1792."

"JOSEPH HAYDN."

"About 1792," Dussek married Miss Corri, who was the principal singer at the London Professional Concerts, he being concerto player to the same, and playing in "a style of incredible perfection."—Gerber.

In 1796 (?) he established, in company with Corri, his father-in-law, a music publishing house, which had the title "Music-sellers to their Majesties, and their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Duchess of York."—Gerber.

But the English part of Dussek's life must be left to some other person. I will pass on to his advent again upon German soil.

(To be continued in our next.)

Letters to the Editor.

NEW ORGAN IN EDINBURGH.

SIR,—When I wrote you last week relative to our professor's organ here I did not think you would insert it in your work, otherwise I would have been a little more particular in what I said regarding the combination of intervals to form a mixture, or sesquialteras, as organ-builders call them; sesqui is a Latin particle, signifying a whole and a half, and which, when joined with altera, terza, quarta, &c., expresses a kind of ratio, and, I suppose, hence the word sesquitercia is a musical ratio.

I am only an amateur in music, and a bit of a mechanic in the way of organ-building. I therefore read your article on the professor's organ with pleasure, and hailed the idea of hearing more about it from you, especially how the 14-rank stop is tuned or tempered.

I can easily understand the mixtures, at least, the usual 3-rank, or even 6-rank, which to me is nothing more than a combination of the common chord; and, notwithstanding all the incomprehensible names (now) given by organ-builders to the different stops, they all end in octaves or unisons, differing in quality of tone according to the different shapes or formation and voicing of the pipes—some of them wretchedly imitated.

The principal is, I believe, the stop generally tuned from. We have, then, either 16 feet, 8 feet, 4, or 2, the 12th being a fifth above the principal, 3 feet. Suppose the 14-rank stop begin at a given length of a pipe, say the usual lowest pipe in mixtures, what size must the smallest be when it reaches the top of the scale?—I am, &c.

HOMOPHONOL.

Edinburgh, 25th Sept., 1861.

MUSIC IN RIO JANEIRO.

SIR,—Taking a great interest in your compatriot Mr. John Cheschire, harpist, and Member of Royal Academy, I beg to transmit to you the notice of his grand vocal and instrumental concert that he gave here (at Rio de Janeiro) on the night of 2nd of September. The house was attended by a most fashionable audience, and rung with applause. The bouquets and wreaths were numerous. Mr. Cheschire, who is in great favour at the Court, must be surely satisfied with the reception of the Brazilians. They have appreciated his talents, and were astonished at his extraordinary manner of playing the harp.

I have the honour to be, with regard,

Your most obedient servant,

BARON DE CATYR.

At Rio de Janeiro, 5th Sept. 1861.

[We have not received the notice alluded to.—ED.]

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—After having officiated as conductor for ten years at the theatre, Herr G. Schmidt lately resigned the post. To mark their high appreciation of his good qualities, the members of the operatic company, as well as of the orchestra, have presented him with a magnificent album, containing their photographs, and some most flattering verses. Herr G. Schmidt is at present busily engaged, completing a new opera, for which the celebrated Mad. Birch-Pfeiffer has written the libretto.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOSEPH GODDARD.—The manuscript was mislaid, but has been found, and will be put in hand immediately.

BIRTH.

On the 22nd September, the wife of Dr. Wylde of a daughter.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of THE MUSICAL WORLD is established at the Magazine of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TERMS { Two lines and under ... 2s. 6d.
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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1861.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The letters of your correspondent "D"—who addressed you from Berlin in the years 1855 and 1856—contained so many allusions to the subject of my present communication, that I feel no doubt of its attracting the attention and engaging the interest of most of your readers. The death of Heinrich Augustus Neithardt is not of very recent date; but, happening as it did in the height of your London "season," it was merely commemorated by a paragraph. Now, in the dull time, you will perhaps not object to my filling up what would otherwise be a strange gap in your musical record.

H. A. Neithardt, Royal Musical-Director, and conductor of the world-renowned Berlin Dom-Chor, which he founded, was born on the 10th August, 1789, at Schleiz. On the 18th April, 1861, at 10 A.M., the true heart of this good and worthy man, who was not merely known and respected, but beloved by all classes of society, ceased to beat, and, on the 22nd of the same month, at the same hour of the morning, his mortal remains were consigned to their mother earth. Another of Germany's noblest sons thus passed from among us! In him death snatched away one of the foremost in the ranks of Prussian musicians, and, I may fairly add, composers. Though his decease was duly recorded in the papers, the readers of the MUSICAL WORLD will, no doubt, allow me to hold up this man of the people, in a few short lines, to public sympathy, and, since the grave has closed over him, to record how much he was honoured and loved by his fellow-countrymen, and in what religious respect his memory is held. Neithardt never coveted the laurel-wreath, although, perhaps, he received the highest and most numerous marks of distinction. His intelligence was profound and lucid, his patriotism deep and heartfelt. No one ever worshipped Prussia with greater ardour than he, and in no one's breast was love of country purer and more holy. This fact is proved by his patriotic songs, his *Vaterlandslieder*,

and his whole character. So long, therefore, as there is such a land as "Prussia," and a "Prussian nation" represent it, so long will Augustus Neithardt, composer of the popular and national song, *Ich bin ein Preusse*, live on the lips and in the hearts of the people. This song is a monument, proving, more triumphantly than monuments of bronze or marble, the permanent character of the services rendered by its composer. How many millions have already sung, with enthusiasm, in all parts of the world, their cherished folk's song, *Ich bin ein Preusse*, and what countless millions will continue to sing it in honour of their nation and of their national composer? Neithardt was endowed with a genuine German character. He was constitutionally proud, and his forehead bore the stamp of true and manly dignity. In social life, however, he was distinguished for his great amiability, and loved to idolatry by his family and intimate circle of friends. During his severe and prolonged sufferings, Neithardt looked forward cheerfully to the termination of his earthly career, and when, on the 24th January last, he was informed of the decease of his late Majesty, brother of the present king, who was so attached to art, and did so much to promote its interests, he exclaimed: "Heaven, why should not I have died, and he have lived!"

In No. 33 of the 14th annual series of the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* appeared a very interesting and detailed biography of Neithardt—then still living—on the occasion of his 67th birthday; and as the same feeling of sincere respect, admiration, and esteem, subsequently prompted the writer of that biography to strew the last resting-place of his valued and lamented friend with words of the deepest sorrow and regret, he rightly judged that the many admirers of Neithardt, who had by that time heard the sad news of his demise, would be thankful to him—the writer—for referring them—as in his well-seasoned monody he did not fail to do—to the circumstantial biography in question. The friends of the departed musician were also reminded that a lithograph, by Fischer, of the excellent portrait painted by Oelker, together with a facsimile of Neithardt's own handwriting, and of the first bar of the national song, *Ich bin ein Preusse*, was published at the time by Bote and Bock, Berlin. What Neithardt did, as co-representative, together with Herren Weller, Schick and Gottfried Rode, of Prussian military music from 1813 to 1840, is stated at length in the biography.

On the 22nd April, at 10 A.M., the funeral took place, in the churchyard of the Domgemeinde, amidst marks of deep and universal sympathy. All the artistic and literary celebrities were present. Among them were noticed his Excellency the Count von Redern, the Counts Von Wehern, Illaire, Von Kleist, Herr von Pommerische, Director-General of the Customs, Herr von Olfers, Director-General of Museums, M. Meyerbeer, Musical Director-General, and several others. The Court-Precacher, Snethlage, read the burial service over the coffin, and the Dom-Chor, under the direction of Herr von Herzberg, executed, in the real feeling and spirit of Neithardt himself, the following pieces:—*Erbarm Dich unser; Ich weiss dass mein Erlöser; Christus ist die Auferstehung; Ja, der Geist spricht*, and more than one *Amen*. The worthy clergyman then delivered an address full of consolation, derived from the life and actions of the deceased, now conveyed to his final home, amid solemn strains proceeding from the bands of the Garde Schützen Bataillon and the Kaiser Franz Regiment, to which corps he had been successively attached, as musical-director, from 1816 to 1840. The members of the Dom-Chor followed im-

mediately after the bier. One of them carried a laurel-wreath on a black cushion, while others bore mourning palm-branches. The procession was closed by a great number of carriages. At the grave, the clergyman, having pronounced a few more appropriate sentences, the coffin was lowered with the usual prayers, the blessing and the strain *Wenn ich einmal scheiden soll*, while the relatives and friends of the deceased paid him the last tribute of earthly homage and respect. Since the death of Mendelssohn, perhaps, no bereavement has been so deeply and universally felt in Prussia as that of the founder of the Dom Chor.

H. H.

Berlin, Sept. 30.

OUR readers need fear no violent irruption of warfare or politics in the columns of the MUSICAL WORLD, when we say that England has good cause to be proud of her Volunteers. Not a bit less pleasurable, either, is it to think that the "movement," as it is called, so quickly and ominously engendered, is fast growing into vitality and permanence far beyond the circumstances which called it forth. Drill and the use of the rifle have taken post—and long may they hold it—among the "institutions" of the country. Far enough as such subjects are from our usual vocation, it is nevertheless impossible to withhold thought altogether from the military and political significance of the shield-raising everywhere busy around us. It is comfortable, for instance, to believe that the long dark shadow of the Napoleonic nose, once supposed to be sniffing up the fatness of our homes, is at length averted,—scared, mayhap, at the odour of gunpowder so unexpectedly reeking up from the land of cotton and hardware. Also, should "we the people of England" (*per pro.* the three celebrated tailors of Tooley Street) once again take it into their wise heads to drive Queen, Lords, and Commons to their way of thinking by the *argumentum ad bucculinam*, or some other pet nostrum of the "physical force" party, it is by no means unsatisfactory to reflect on the certain presence of another description of "force" eminently more potent in the service of sense and order than any of those promiscuous levies of untrained pluck and muscle that were formerly our constitutional boast.

But what has the MUSICAL WORLD specially to do with the Volunteers? Truly, nothing as to their marchings, counter-marchings, wheelings, deployings, and the like; yet we may have much to say to that strange kind of music, or its blatant substitute, rather, with which they so generally regale us. While earnestly desiring all imaginable success for their energetic zeal in soldierly training, and never dreaming an instant's doubt of their resolution to fulfil those sterner duties that may perhaps one day fall to their lot, we are obliged to think it would be quite as well—much better, indeed, for the ears of their non-combatant brethren—if they attended somewhat to the matter alluded to. It is surely a pity, where all else is excellent, that a small particular should be so much in fault. On all other points our Volunteers are well nigh overwhelmed with praise from the highest authorities. One regiment is declared to have attained such perfection of drill as to be ready for any emergency; another, when brigaded with the "regulars" in a sham-fight at Aldershot, might, it seems, "except for its uniform, have been mistaken for a part of the line:" while in the matter of shooting, our national rifle practice has already become at least equal to any in the world. So far, so *very* good; yet our Volunteer bands are, for the most part, very inferior, and the music they play is generally abominable. Just test the thing, and that without any squeamish criticism. Take

any fine Saturday—the Volunteers' "marching-out" day *par excellence*. With what mingled feelings of pride and annoyance does one watch regiment after regiment of fine stalwart fellows come striding up the middle of the street in true soldierly fashion, each headed by its "band," forsooth, hotly engaged with some tune of the most odious vulgarity! Truly, the contrast here between good and bad, noble and base, becomes something between ludicrous and intolerable.

But *why* are our Volunteer regiments doomed to march to this execrable kind of music? Surely, not for want of better. To say nothing of what native composers may have done, the celebrated band-masters of Germany—Walsch, Berr, and hosts of others—have furnished an almost inexhaustible stock of marches, full of spirit and musical interest, admirably arranged, perfectly suited, as they were designed, for open-air use, and cheaply and easily procurable. Not, certainly, for lack of money, if, as we are informed, several Volunteer regiments pay sums varying from 600*l.* to 800*l.* per annum for the merely occasional services of their bands. Scarcely, we imagine, for want of care, if the amount of trouble bestowed on other subordinate matters be a criterion. Who, for instance, does not remember the time when the cut and colour of a tunic, the fashion of a *chaco*, and the device of a button, were as eagerly discussed in Volunteer circles as though the ball-room, rather than the battle-field, were the scene—*billets doux*, rather than *boulets durs*, the missiles, of their future engagements? No; none of these is to blame for the nuisance complained of. The missing quality is, we fear, good musical taste, together with some knowledge of the subject in hand. Bands have been found necessary to keep the men in marching-step, and have been paid for accordingly; but here every kind of trouble about the matter has, no doubt, come to an end. Band-masters seem to have been appointed at random, bandsmen selected without discretion; and as to choice of music, the vulgar instinct in favour of the last popular tune appears to have prevailed against any notion of *music* as at all concerned in the business.

The vilest music has its use, no doubt; but limited, say we, to its rightful place and audience. It may be well enough for some famous "negro delineator," with an incomprehensible wit in his blackened face, to be perpetually wishing he "were with Nancy,"—always provided the place and its occupants be in keeping with his aspirations. No reason do we see why "the great Mackney" should not, if he chooses, continue to extatify his peculiar patrons with the curious information that his name is "Old Bob Ridley, O!"—and quite as little why another illustrious individual should not, so long as his breath endures, give saltatory confirmation of the otherwise inexplicable statement that he is "a perfect cure." All such things, however mysterious to the rest of the world, possess, no doubt, a verbal and melodic luxuriance exactly fitted to the tastes of those who pay for them. Nay, we admit them to be happily adapted to those humorously imitative faculties enjoyed by the *gamins* of our streets; and, by a stretch of fancy, can even suppose them scarcely misplaced in the hands of that social pest, the Italian organ-grinder. But here toleration should cease. Let the vile cleave to the vile, and let them go hand in hand together whither they will: but of all offences against the "eternal fitness of things," there surely need be none greater than that our noble Volunteer regiments should help to perpetuate these senseless and odious vulgarities by means of the bands which they retain, perhaps, let us say, with some little eye towards the public gratification. Of course, we are quite prepared for the excuse that such things, bad

though they otherwise be, make capital "marching tunes." Very likely: but that is no reason for their employment. Any strongly-rhythmed melody, in 2-4 or 6-8 measure, so timed that the "big drum" may make itself *felt* on the beginning and middle of the bar, and at the pace of 116 per minute, is a good "marching tune." We have already pointed out how the volunteer bands may be supplied with abundance of such music, spirited, well written, and in every way effective.

All this, doubtless, is to Colonel Macmurdo mere trifling, and to General Hay foolishness. "Arms and the man" they sing: that is their business. "Music" say we—that is ours. Moreover, we cannot consent to think anything trifling or foolish which tends to affect the taste of a people. At all times and places military music has been a great source of public gratification; and, where so much can be so easily done, it will be more than matter of regret if our Volunteer bands do not henceforth contrive to please the ears of their street admirers, while lending a hand, at the same time, to raise their taste somewhat out of that slough of negro mire into which it has unhappily fallen.

THE death of Mr. William Farren has created no hiatus in the histrionic art—has left no blank on the stage. The great comedian had retired, or, more properly, had been forced into private life some six years since, and for several years previously, although exhibiting in public, had been a mere wreck of his former self. The light of his intellect, however, had not gone out prematurely. Mr. Farren was born in 1786, and was consequently in his 75th year when he died. At 70—the age at which he quitted the stage—few artists keep possession of the boards, none certainly who desires his name to be handed down to posterity. Had Mr. Farren made his exit some ten years before, it would have been all the better for his reputation. Many who beheld him in the decadence of his powers put no faith in his popularity, and attributed to his mannerism what was certainly owing to his talent. William Farren was beyond all question one of the most consummate actors of his time. The "divine fire," or genius, we are inclined to think, had been denied him; but every other quality which goes to make up the great artist he possessed in an eminent degree. He was always considering, always studying, always elaborating and polishing, until he thought he had brought his delineations to perfection. Then, and then only, did he feel satisfied. His love for his profession amounted to enthusiasm. He was happy only before the footlights, contented only with the shouts of an audience ringing in his ears. This enthusiasm constitutes the very whip and spur to the progress of the artist; and the love of applause stimulates him to never-ceasing exertions. Without an ardent temperament and natural vanity, the difficulties and obstructions which present themselves on the threshold would deter all candidates for histrionic fame from further venture. William Farren worked his way slowly and surely to the top of the ladder, and in his career bequeaths us one of the most striking examples of what industry, perseverance, and indomitable energy may effect without absolute inspiration.

Mlle. PATTI.—The negotiations with Mlle. Patti and the directors of the Paris Italian Opera have come to nothing. We believe this young lady, in accordance with the counsels of her friends, will retire from the stage and concert-rooms for a few months, to afford a season of necessary repose to her voice. Exertions like hers are not to be continued with impunity by human organs, of whatsoever strength.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.

ON Monday night *Elijah* was given, not piecemeal, like the *Messiah*, but entire and unadulterated. This retailing of Handel and giving Mendelssohn wholesale requires explanation. The execution of *Elijah* was commendable, if not irreproachable. The great difficulty lay with the chorus, which was composed of very heterogeneous materials, and to many of the component parts of which Mendelssohn's oratorio appeared a sealed book. The principal soloists were Mlle. Parepa, Miss Julia Bleaden, Miss M. Bradshaw, Mad. Laura Baxter. Messrs. Vernon Rigby, R. Seymour, Lewis Thomas and Gadsby. M. Vernon Rigby, although considerably out of his depth, pleased in the tenor music, which he really might sing well would he only study singing. The air, "If with all your hearts," indicated good expression, and by no means a deficiency of judgment; nevertheless, a voice produced like that of Mr. Rigby, after so objectionable a method, can never find favour in refined ears. The new tenor has a good natural voice, but should learn to sing *de novo*.

Last night, the last "Classical Night" was given, and to-night the last "Volunteer Concert" will take place. That favourite songstress, Miss Poole, has appeared during the week, introducing some of the popularities of her repertory with her wonted effect. On Thursday we had the pleasure of hearing her sing, in her most graceful manner, Hadyn's canzonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair," the old ballad "Jock o' Hazledean," and an English song. The same evening Miss Susanna Cole delighted the audience in Mr. Macfarren's beautifully tender and expressive ballad, "The beating of my own heart," and also sang the cavatina from the *Gazza Ladra*, "Di Piacca," with a brilliancy and command of voice that surprised her warmest admirers.

On Monday the *Creation* will be given, and on Saturday the performances will be brought to a close.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The London Glee and Madrigal Union sang on Saturday. Miss Eleanor Armstrong was the solo vocalist, and Mr. Oscar Beringer, a youthful pianist, made his first appearance. The thoroughly artistic singing of Mr. Land's Glee and Madrigal party has procured for it considerable celebrity, and on this occasion the singers fully sustained their reputation. Such thorough blending of voice, and equality of tone and phrasing, is only to be attained by careful practice. Horsley's glee, for male voices, "When the wind blows in the sweet rose tree," was sung by Messrs. Baxter, Cummings, Land, and Lawler, in an irreproachable manner; and Elliott's quintet, "Come, see what pleasures," was equally well rendered by the same gentlemen and Miss Wells. A quaint madrigalian dialogue, from Ravenscroft's *Melismata*, called "In the merry spring," completed their contributions to the programme. The audience received Miss Armstrong's two pieces, "Ah, forse è lui!" and Macfarren's song, "The beating of my own heart," with much favour. Miss J. Wells sang "My lodging is on the cold ground," and was joined by Mr. Lawler in the maypole song, "Come, lasses and lads," which was encored. The band contributed two overtures, *Euryanthe* and the *Siege of Rochelle*; and Mr. Wells (flute), and Mr. Bonnisean (cornet), performed a solo each.

MADAME JENNY LIND.—Arrangements have been made in Aberdeen for two musical entertainments of the highest order, to be given about the middle of November. Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti will be the vocalists; Signor Patti and Mr. Blagrove, solo instrumentalists. Herr Otto Goldschmidt will also take part.

ROSE CHERI.—All lovers of the drama will regret to hear of the death of that charming actress Madame Rose Chéri, who lately expired, at Paris, of a malignant sore throat. It is said she caught the malady while nursing her son, who is now out of danger. Madame Rose Chéri was only thirty-seven years old, having been born at Etampes in 1824. In 1845 she married M. Lemoine-Montigny, the manager of the Gymnase.

DEATH OF MR. ARTHUR SMITH.—Mr. Arthur Smith, brother of the late Mr. Albert Smith, expired a few days since after a brief illness.

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN IN LONDON.

No. 2.

(See MUSICAL WORLD, Sept. 28.)

London, June 28.

ON the way hither from Paris, on a fresh June day, past the sweet clover fields of northern France, over the smooth channel from Boulogne to Folkstone, and again through greener fields of Kent, where the hops grow and the sheep graze — fair afternoon's picture of the rural luxury of England — hastening, belated, to get what might remain of the London musical season, I looked into the *Times*, and fancy my chagrin at reading of an event just past, which had always stood high in the list of musical satisfactions anticipated in a visit here! The annual concert of the three or four thousand Charity Children in St. Paul's cathedral had taken place the day before! I enclose, however, the *Times* report of it. Other disappointments were of course inevitable in any plan of a year's travel. Several great things, which it had been my fate to miss all over Germany, I was again too late for here. For instance, the repeated performances of Rossini's really great opera, *William Tell*, which are said to have been excellent in every way. So too, the two grandest works in the prospectus of the Sacred Harmonic Society, the *Israel in Egypt* of Handel, and the *Missa Solennis* in D of Beethoven, had gone by. There remained one more concert by that Society, and that was to be on the very evening of my arrival — Costa's oratorio of *Eli*, conducted by the composer in person. The day's journey had been exhilarating, and the musical appetite was sharp after the two months' fast in Italy. So my first taste of London — after the Crystal Palace had stretched out its arms of greeting in the distance (how it shone against the setting sun!), and after being jostled over crowded London Bridge, and finding lodgings — was a hurried drive to Exeter Hall, to hear what might be heard of at least one London oratorio.

I arrived in the middle of the first part. The exquisitely modulated and insinuating tenor of Sims Reeves was even then stealing through the passage ways. He was just finishing his principal air. The great gloomy hall was crowded to the utmost, and it was only possible to obtain a back seat in the balcony — not a bad place for listening to such great waves of tone as roll forth from a choir of 600 effective voices, supported by a band of about 100 instruments. I was in no mood to listen or remember critically; simple exposure to the invigorating and refreshing influence of great choral harmonies was all I sought, together with gratification of the natural curiosity to see and hear what one had so long read of. The choruses of Costa are not giant works of genius; he is no Handel, Bach, or Beethoven; yet a clever follower of Mendelssohn. But he is a masterly musician, and has contrived some grand, and many beautiful, if not decidedly original, effects in *Eli*, as we already knew in Boston. There was great precision, positiveness and vigour in the rendering of the choruses. The voices blended finely, the parts were well balanced, the quality of tone was clear and musical. There was no faltering and little screaming. All were up to the mark, and seemed quite at home in the music, and in such work generally. It was only in the finer contrasts and gradations of light and shade, in *pianissimo*, &c., that one was reminded of the superiority of the choral societies in Berlin, Leipzig and Dresden. It was right hearty, vigorous, unanimous, English work, however, and often told superbly; once or twice sublimely; and always in a way to stir up much enthusiasm in the audience, who, with the singers, made the evening an ovation to England's favourite conductor, proud to recognise him also in the character of composer.

The solos were sung by Mad. Rudersdorff, a fine and flexible soprano, with good skill and expression; Mad. Sainton-Dolby, who gave the pretty contralto part of Samuel quite acceptably; Sims Reeves, whose sweet, expressive, finished tenor tantalised us with too little — it was only in a trio and a quartet that we heard him, and that with a rare satisfaction; Signor Belletti, our old friend of the Jenny Lind times, who used then to render the bass airs of Handel surprisingly well for an Italian, and who is still one of the main stays of a London oratorio; Mr. Santley, a comparatively new candidate for public favour, who has a rich and resonant baritone, which he uses tastefully and with much effect;

and Mr. Montem Smith. The orchestra was admirable. The unwearied responsiveness of the great audience was almost as interesting as the performance. Whether the English be a really musical race or not, there is no people that craves and sits out so much music.

Last evening — to jump the interval for the time being — I heard another oratorio in the same place: — the old *Messiah* by the Yorkshire Choral Union. To hear the famous Yorkshire chorus singers, and in the well-known choruses, was a chance not to be neglected. Nor were my expectations disappointed. This time I had a front seat, in a rather thinly scattered, but delighted audience. There were perhaps four hundred singers, and they were wonderfully effective. The sounds leapt out with a startling elasticity and vigour. There is a heroic unanimity and certainty in the charge of these Yorkshiremen. Chorus singing seems to have been a life-long patriotic exercise with them; a common cause, honoured and carefully kept bright. There was an irresistible spirit about it; here too not much of fine shading, or of *pianissimo*, but a sort of dazzling splendour of delivery, a fervour that sweeps on to victory and takes you off your feet. Of course, the most satisfactory achievements were such pieces as the "Wonderful" chorus, "Lift up your hands," "Hallelujah," &c. "He shall purify," "Behold the Lamb," and "All we like sheep" were exceedingly impressive. But one missed somewhat of the profound and almost Bach-like tenderness and inwardness of "And with his stripes." The proportion of female voices looked small, but by no means sounded so; they were all telling voices; each voice jump upon the instant at coming in. One peculiarity in the composition of the choir would look strangely in America. In the band of contraltos you see but a dozen or so of women scattered about and isolated among the men. The male contralto, or counter tenor, so exceptional with us, appears to be the rule among the Yorkshire voices. Some of them, of course, were boys, as were many of the sopranos; but the great majority were men. The solo singing was not remarkable, but reasonably fair. The best were Mr. Santley in the base recitatives and airs, and Mr. Whitehead (so far as I could make out from the bills) in the tenor. Mrs. Sunderland sang mechanically well in the soprano arias, and Miss Freeman furnished little more than voice to "He was despised," &c. The orchestra, from the Philharmonic Society, was effective. So was the organ, played by Dr. Monk, of York Cathedral. The conductor was Mr. R. G. Burton.

In the morning (or, as we say, afternoon) after my arrival (Saturday), I attended the public rehearsal of the last "New Philharmonic" concert, in St. James's Hall; and on Monday evening the concert itself. It was a large and fashionable audience, all in "evening dress," which is the rule here, where seas of glorious free music, with all the genial warmth thereof, do not avail to melt or wash away old icebergs of uncomfortable etiquette. The Hall, which is much smaller than the Boston Music Hall, is most beautiful and unique in its architecture, and especially in the way in which it is lighted, by single star-shaped jets depending from all parts of the arched ceiling, and at heights varying with the curve of the arch, so that it suggests the free feeling of being under the starry sky. The orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Wyld, is large and powerful, and played some movements capitally, though it is said to be not the best orchestra in London; but of course there are contrary opinions about that, now that London has three rival orchestral societies, where once the "Philharmonic" had the whole field. The overture to *Coriolanus* (Beethoven) was certainly rendered with great fire and precision, and made a smart beginning to the concert. Next came a masterly performance of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto by Herr Wieniawski, a young Pole of the Hebrew stamp of features, who has taken his stand in the first class of virtuosi; there was fire and tender feeling, and technical mastery enough in it, if not decided evidence of individual genius. Then the dark familiar figure of Carl Formes presented itself, who sang with powerful effect a satanic sort of aria from Spohr's *Faust*. Mrs. Lemmens-Sherington followed with a French air from Herold's *Pré aux Clercs*, with fine *obbligato* violin accompaniment by Mr. Blagrove, first violin in the orchestra, and apparently in nearly all the orchestras here. Mrs. Lemmens-Sherington has a clear, sunshiny soprano, and fine florid execution. The *Eroica* Symphony closed the first

part, much of it impressively rendered, but not up to the Leipzig or the Berlin standard by many degrees. Part II. began with the lovely tranquillising chorus and soprano solo: "Calm is the glassy ocean," from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, nicely rendered. Mr. John Francis Barnett, an élève of the Leipzig Conservatoire, played (in the illness of Miss Arabella Goddard) the perpetual *cheval de bataille* of young pianists, Weber's *Concert-stück*, and showed very clear and brilliant execution. A florid duet for voice and violin, by Pacini and Artot, was sung by Mrs. Sherrington and played by Wieniawski; and the concert ended with the *Men of Prometheus* overture, thus making it mainly "a Beethoven night." D.

DUBLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Oct. 3, 1861.

A PORTION of your own correspondent's last letter has been quoted in a Dublin newspaper, prefaced by the following remarks, headed:—

COCKNEY SNEERS AT IRELAND.

To the Editor of the Daily Express.

SIR,—By way of pendant to the excellent leader in your paper of this day, I send you the accompanying extract from the *Musical World* of last Saturday. It will excite no surprise that a little journal should "follow suit," when the thunder of Printing-house Square omits no opportunity of indulging in a sneer at this country. The article will not be read here, for the *Musical World* does not count many subscribers in Ireland—not, perhaps, more than a dozen; but the inventions of the small wit, who calls himself "Anteater," may serve to amuse many folks at the other side of the Channel, who, in spite of telegraphs and steam, are profoundly ignorant of men and manners here. Of course no person who knows anything of society in our city will put faith in such an absurd tale, which might do in the hands of the late Mr. Power, or the present Mr. Samuel Lover, to raise a laugh in public places of amusement, at the expense of their countrymen. Irishmen do not say "foine" for "fine," whatever Yorkshiremen may, or "Doblin" for "Dublin," which foreigners do sometimes. I wish "Our own Correspondent" better occupation than trying to bring into hatred and contempt the manners of his fellow-subjects in this part of Her Majesty's dominions.—Your obedient servant,
October 1, 1861.

UNION.

It is the story of the lady who came to sing for her daughter that excites the wrath of "Union," and converts the pen of that ready writer into a very shillelagh, with which the head of "Anteater" is threatened in the true spirit of Quixotic chivalry. Notwithstanding the assertion "that no person who knows anything of society in this city will put faith in such an absurd tale," the absurd tale is, nevertheless, nothing but a simple narrative of an amusing incident which really occurred, and no fiction. The dear old lady not only offered, but did sing for her daughter, and went away satisfied at having been heard, and with Ardit's advice that she (i.e. the daughter) had better study and cultivate her voice. "Union" may deny the existence of an Irish brogue, the slightest trace of which imparts such delicious piquancy to the conversation of his fair countrywomen—he may measure the wit of others by his own standard, or restrict the list of subscribers to the "little journal" to any number he may please in his imagination, but he has no right to deny, in such terms, the veracity of your correspondent, or to attribute to him the intention of relating, it may be, a ludicrous, but still an "o'er true tale," and of "trying to bring into hatred and contempt the manners of his fellow-subjects in this part of Her Majesty's dominions." Nor is he justified in estimating at so low a rate the refinement that prevails in Irish society, as seriously to believe that it could be affected by the narration of a circumstance as unique as it was extravagant. But something too much of this!

The Italians terminate their engagement at the Theatre Royal on Saturday next. The operas performed this week will have been:—Monday, 30th September, *Trovatore*; Tuesday, 1st October, *Don Giovanni*; Wednesday, 2nd, *Ballo in Maschera*; Thursday, 3rd, for the benefit of Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini, *Marta*; Friday, 4th, *Il Barbiere*, and an act of *Favorita*; on Saturday, the last night, *Un Ballo in Maschera* will be given. On Friday

the whole party will appear at a Morning Concert announced to be given at the Ancient Concert Rooms. The programme includes many of the most favourite songs and concerted music from the operas, besides a new valse, composed for Mlle. Titiens by Signor Ardit. It is said that arrangements have been made with Mlle. Patti for six nights, commencing on October 28th. Should such be the case, there can be no doubt of her meeting with a most enthusiastic reception.

The Dublin public have no reason to complain of the manager of their Theatre Royal on the score of inactivity. He never allows any opportunity to escape him of providing every amusement for them whether it be in a dramatic or operatic shape, and in fact, exceeds the energy of many of the London managers for the vigour and enterprise of his undertakings.

ANTEATER.

MUSIC IN DUBLIN.

BY IL FANATICO PER LA MUSICA.

Claremont, Howth, near Dublin, October 2nd, 1861.

Here I am in one of the most romantic and beautiful places in the Emerald Isle, enjoying at the same time sea breezes, the society of old and valued friends, and occasionally hearing some excellent music. The Howth Railway train passes every half hour within 500 yards of Claremont, so that we can go to Dublin in half an hour to hear Titiens, and Giuglini, Lemaire, and Delle Sedie, not forgetting Miss Whitty and young Ciampi, who are here at the Theatre Royal with Willert Beale. I have been three times, and was delighted with all the company; indeed, I think Titiens and Giuglini surpassed themselves on Monday evening, when *Il Trovatore* was given. All the favourite pieces were rapturously encored, and I must do Delle Sedie the justice to say I never heard *Il Barbiere* better sung. The gods were in extacies. By the way, the above said dwellers of Mount Olympus are the queerest lot I ever sat in a theatre with: only imagine a solo played exquisitely on a penny tin pipe, and songs and glees sung in a very pleasing manner. I have just had a great treat in hearing Miss Flynn, a pupil of Mendelssohn, who studied at the Conservatoire, Leipsic, play on the piano the following pieces in first-rate style. I am sure you will agree with me her selection was a good one:—Notturmo, by Chopin; Second Réverie, S. Heller; "Souvenir de Beethoven," arranged by Prudent; several of Mendelssohn's Lieder ohne worte, besides his "Spring Song," which she played with the most refined taste, artistic feeling and colouring, and brilliant execution.

VALE.

P.S.—I forgot to mention the last night I was at the theatre His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant was there with the Zingari Cricket Club. Between the acts of the opera, the vice-regal party were much amused with one of the gods singing with an excellent voice, a most amusing parody on *Il Balen*. This was all very well. Sometimes, however, the noise is anything but agreeable; and woe betide any unfortunate wight who appears in the pit or lower gallery in a white hat: immediately he is covered with cut straw, and paper, that descend (much to the amusement of the ladies in the boxes) like a shower of snow.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Mr. J. B. Chatterton, the acting manager, took his benefit on Monday last, when, in addition to the dramatic performances—comprising Mr. Falconer's comedy *Woman*; or, *Love against the World*, and a new ballet farce, by Mr. W. H. Yelland, called *A Midsummer's Eve*, a miscellaneous concert was given, supported by Mlle. Florence Lancia, Miss Minnie Clifford, the Misses Brougham, Messrs. Alberte Laurence and Aynsley Cook as vocalists, and Mr. Chatterton (Harp) and Mr. Levy (cornet-à-piston), instrumentalists. The programme was well chosen. Mlle. Lancia sang the "War-Song" from *Attila* with immense effect, and Mr. Chatterton delighted his friends by a most admirable performance of his harp fantasia, entitled "Remembranza d'Italia." Mrs. D. P. Bowers, an American actress, who made, a short time since, a successful *début* at Sadlers' Wells, appeared for the first time as Geraldine D'Arcy in the comedy. The house was crowded in every part. Mr. Chatterton should take a benefit every night. It would benefit the theatre vastly.

Provincial.

LIVERPOOL.—The open rehearsal of the Liverpool Tonic Sol-fa Association took place on Tuesday evening, in the Medical Institution. The programme displayed an excellent selection of Madrigals, glees, and part songs.

The winter season of the Saturday evening concerts was inaugurated on Saturday last by the Sisters Sophie and Annie, who appeared in their well-known entertainment, entitled "Sketches from Nature."

Tickets for the forthcoming Jenny Lind concerts are in great demand, and as every seat will specially be engaged, we recommend those of our readers who desire to be present to secure their places immediately. The sale of tickets will commence at the Philharmonic-hall on Tuesday morning at nine o'clock, and terminate at four o'clock in the afternoon.

The Philharmonic concert on Tuesday last, writes the *Liverpool Albion*, was a perfect musical treat, so far as Mlle. Patti was concerned. Her appearance upon the platform was the signal for a spontaneous outburst of applause (we had almost said *enthusiasm*, but the philharmonic audiences never lose their equanimity to that extent) from an audience which crowded the vast hall to its utmost capacity. Mlle. Patti was set down in the programme for Donizetti's "Regnava nel silenzio," and Bellini's "Ah! non credea," and "Ah! non giunge," from *Sonnambula*, also in the duet "Quanti amore," with Signor Ronconi. In each of these the charming young vocalist displayed the compass of her voice to its full capacity, and her easy and graceful rendering of the several airs were not the least attractive features of her performance. Whatever may have been said and written upon the subject of Patti's pecuniary value, there can only be one opinion as to the excellence of her singing. Italian is, of course, her natural forte, but she evinced her artistic ability by singing several English and Scotch airs in a style which would have driven any other audience into ecstasies. Her rendering of "Home, sweet home" (in which she was ably accompanied upon the pianoforte by her brother-in-law, M. Strakosch), was beautiful and plaintive, whilst in one or two Scotch ballads she displayed an amount of arch humour which gave evidence of "unco' appreciation," of the "wut" of Burns. Taken all in all, the concert of Tuesday was a decided and unqualified triumph for Mlle. Patti, and the *élite* of Liverpool were evidently well pleased with their new favourite.

GODALMING.—Notwithstanding the wet weather, the Public Hall was filled by the best families of the neighbourhood on Tuesday evening, when an excellent concert was given, with the assistance of Miss Rose Hersée, Miss Bellingham, Mr. Theodore Distin, and Mr. Melchor Winter, as vocalists, and Mad. Winter as pianist. Mad. Winter's performances of Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," and Ascher's *Traviata*, fantasia, were much and deservedly applauded. The encore system does not appear to be given up at Godalming. Mr. Melchor Winter was obliged to repeat Balfé's "Come into the garden, Maud;" Miss Rose Hersée, "Lily Bells" (Wallace), and Miss Bellingham, "Home, sweet home." The "Spinning Wheel" quartet from *Martha* was also re-demanded, but the singers (Miss Hersée, Miss Bellingham, Mr. Distin, and Mr. Melchor Winter) judiciously declined the compliment.

CARDIFF.—A concert was given at the Temperance Hall, on Monday week, the profits to be devoted to the building fund of St. Peter's Church, Roath. The weather was what is commonly called in Cardiff "concert weather," yet notwithstanding the hall was well filled. We were led by the advertisements to expect Mr. Wilkes, as accompanist, and also a full orchestral band and chorus of thirty performers. The thirty performers were, with Mr. Wilkes, nowhere, and the "full orchestral band" consisted of two first and two second violins, one viola, one flute, one violoncello, and a pianoforte, numbering in all, including Miss Susanna Cole, and two gentlemen amateurs, eleven performers. Miss Susanna Cole, the great attraction of the evening, sang two *morceaux*; the *scena*, "Softly sighs," from *Freischütz*—the soft flowing melody in which served to develop the fine quality and tender expression of her voice, and formed a striking and beautiful contrast with the

declamatory part, which was rendered with great vigour, energy, and dramatic effect—and Bishop's "Tell me, my heart," sung by the same lady at the Town-hall, in the early part of this year. It was then sung charmingly, but it was sung on this occasion with even more exquisite taste and finish, and was the only piece of the evening distinguished by an encore. Miss Clowes, of Newport, sang the "Maid of Kildare" with great feeling, and was warmly applauded. A gentleman amateur, also of Newport, sang "The Bellringer"—one of Wallace's songs—but it proved a failure; his voice was too weak and unsteady to give expression, and too limited in compass to sing the upper notes in tune. The trio, "This magic wove scarf," afforded infinite amusement from the style of singing and attitude of one of the performers. We never remember laughing so heartily at a musical performance. The fun was increased by sundry gleams of native wit, phrases of idiomatic slang, and racy observations, made by occupants of seats in the gallery, until the whole of the audience was convulsed with laughter. We sympathised with Miss Susanna Cole in her unenviable position; and we would advise the gentlemen not to sing upon the same day with such a performer as that lady.

BRIGHTON.—For some time past several members of the Brighton Rifle Corps have been receiving choral instruction at the hands of Mr. J. Towers, one of our local professors of music. On Tuesday last the class presented him with a testimonial in the shape of a handsome silver fish-slice and fork, in morocco case, on the lid of which appeared the following inscription:

Presented to
MR. J. TOWERS,
by the
1st Sussex V. R. Choral Class,
Sept. 18th, 1861.

Sergeant Scott, in presenting the testimonial, passed a high eulogium on Mr. Towers's excellent method of teaching, his uniform kindness, and indomitable will, which had enabled the class—whose vocal efforts, ten months ago, were compared by a local paper to the yells of savages, &c.—to sing so well together as they now did. Mr. Towers briefly thanked them, and congratulated the choir on the progress made, promising them, if they stuck to their posts, the realization of the promise made at the opening of their career, that the choral class of the 1st Sussex should be second to none.

BELFAST.—(From our own Correspondent.) On Wednesday, the 18th, Mr. Robinson gave an organ recital at Holywood Church, when a large concourse of people assembled to hear his masterly performance of the following very fine programme:—Toccata (D minor), Bach; Andante con moto, Mendelssohn; Lied, "Mein gläubiges Herz frohlocke, Bach;" Adagio, Beethoven; Fugue (G minor), Bach; Fantasia (Très vitement. Grave, a 5 voci. Lentement), Bach; Impromptu, Adams; Allegretto, Mendelssohn; Chorale (5 parts) (with double pedal, supposed to be the finest specimen extant), Bach. Our new Hall is nearly completed, and will be shortly ready for use; but the directors have not yet decided on how it is to be opened. The general wish is most decidedly for a Festival, concluding with a ball, and it is to be hoped this may be accomplished in such a manner as to redound to the credit of the town, which is making rapid strides in the fine arts, and especially in music.

EDINBURGH.—Mr. Howard has engaged the Swiss troupe for another week. Last evening the performances commenced with a selection from the *répertoire* of the Swiss singers, comprising part-songs and *solis* formerly noticed in the *Courant*. Fräulein Keller sang the *aria* from *Betty*, "In questo semple," delightfully, and, on being encored, substituted Foster's ballad, "Willie, we have missed you." The fact is, Keller's voice and taste will win a hearing for anything. As for Fräulein Johanna Claussen, she has quite the command of all our Edinburgh enthusiasm, and when she sang "Comin' thro' the rye," with her funny Teutonic Scotch and arch expression, the house did not attempt to restrain a burst of welcome and applause. It was a very good notion of the management to put the musical comedietta, *The Swiss Cottage*, in rehearsal, with Claussen as Lisette, and Frau Decker-Schenck as Corporal Max. Seldom has that favourite piece been put on the

stage with so appropriate a cast. Lisette spoke better English than Madame Celeste generally does, and acted and sang with vivacity and comic *vis*. Those who have seen Frau Decker-Schenck in the square-cut velvet of the village schoolmaster, will easily believe that she personates to the life the swaggering, jolly Corporal Max, voice and all. Miss St. George took the part of Natzi Teick, and brought her careful acting and artistic feeling to the interpretation of the sorrows of that unwarlike gentleman. The concluding movement—the vocal march from the schoolmaster's wedding—was very effective, the remainder of the Swiss coming on the stage as Lisette's companions, and joining in the chorus led by the jolly corporal. The whole performance was a complete success. The programme was finished by the burlesque of the *Invisible Prince*, which, we confess, we consider excessively stupid.—*Edinburgh Courier*.

MADAME LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT and "LONDON OVER THE BORDER."—The lovers of music, and yet more those whose hearts are open to melting charity, and love to do good to their less fortunate fellow-creatures, will be rejoiced to hear that the great, and good as great, songstress, whom the world hailed as Jenny Lind, has kindly consented to consecrate her high talents once again to the cause of charity, and generously gives her services in aid of the erection of a Church, and for the enlargement of the industrial institutions in the Victoria Docks district, "London over the Border," under the pastoral care of the Rev. Herman Douglas. With this view a concert will take place in Exeter Hall on Tuesday evening, Oct. 22, when Mendelssohn's *Elijah* will be presented, the leading voice-parts by Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, Miss Sussanna Cole, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. W. Weiss. These will be supported by a complete orchestra and chorus, under the conduct of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt. Immense must be the attraction of once more hearing the "Swedish Nightingale."—*Brighton Gazette*.

MELBOURNE.—There was only one thing wanting to make the success of Mr. Marsh complete, says the *Melbourne News*—that he should have called himself Signor Maraschino, have attached his music to an Italian libretto, and disclaimed all connection with the colony. Fortunately for Mr. Marsh, who has produced an original work of great merit, his composition was presented last night to a discriminating and kindly audience, and its success was as gratifying as he could desire. The performance was somewhat faulty at times; but, thanks to the liberality of Mr. Lyster, the efforts of Mad. Escott, Miss Hodson, Messrs. Farquharson and Squires, the quality of the music, and the zealous co-operation of the gentlemen of the orchestra, the *Gentleman in Black* has made a hit. The overture was well received; but the opening scene with the double chorus would have been better if some of the number had sung more in tune, and been less vociferous. The tenor's first song (in B flat) was somewhat tame, but Mr. Farquharson's "I'm a merchant and a dealer," enlivened the audience; and the duet which followed with Mr. Squires is one which will become popular when better known. The same may be said of the aria, "One instant stay." In the third scene of the first act, Adele (Mad. Escott), and Fanchon (Miss Hodson), have some very sparkling music, and the closing duet, in A major, brings down the curtain with applause. The second act opens with a spirited chorus, and a ballet divertissement is introduced, including a grotesque waltz, for which Mr. Marsh has provided quaint music. Adele's cavatina exhibits some original changes in the harmony, and proves the composer's mastery of his art. A political cobbler provoked great merriment by a dialogue applicable to the events of the day; and Fanchon's song, "No longer shoes, sir," was warmly applauded. A rollicking chorus, with some concerted dialogue between Maxwell and the Gentleman in Black conducts the business of the scene to a boisterous finale. The third act contains its choicest composition, the *Terzetto a Canone*, which was rewarded by the first encore. A similar compliment was paid the tenor's aria, "When first I pressed thee to my heart;" to Mr. Farquharson's "I sing not of beauty;" and to the ballads sung by Adele and Fanchon respectively. At the end Mr. Marsh and the principal vocalists were recalled. Special praise is due to Mr. Marsh for his orchestration. The accompaniments throughout were of the happiest character, and many passages were marked by a freshness and variety which reflect credit on his inventive powers.

NEW YORK.—You have heard, ere this, that poor Signor Amodio died recently, at sea, of yellow fever. He will be re-

gretted by many here, to whose amusement and enjoyment he has contributed. Always ready to do his part, and the very personification of kindness and good nature, every one liked him, and his private life is said to have been such as to merit general esteem. A "Requiem" Mass was held at St. Stephen's church for the repose of his soul. The church was crowded; one would hardly have expected to see so large and elegant an audience assembled at this season. A number of the fellow-artists of the deceased assisted in the musical performances, which were, in fact, very fine.—*Correspondence of Dwight's "Journal of Music."*

MUSIC IN MADRID.—A Madrid correspondent of the *Athenæum* gives some interesting particulars of music in that capital. At the Comic Opera, or Zarzuela Theatre, the company is made up of Spanish artists, and the repertory includes works by native writers, unknown on our side of the Pyrenees. "A glance at the score of two comic operas, *Catalina* and *Una Vieja*, by Señor Gastambide, has revealed traits of a vein of nationality which could be worked to good account by a composer more assured in his science and varied in his resources." At the concert every piece was sung with change of scene and in costume.

PRAGUE.—Herr H. Rott, musical instrument maker, has lately invented a new wind-instrument for military bands. He calls it a "Glagol."

STOCKHOLM.—Herr John Frederick Berwald, formerly conductor at the Royal Opera House, has just died, aged 73.—Next season a new and original Danish opera will be produced. It is entitled, *The Flight of Charles II.*, the music being by Siboni, and the libretto by Overskou.

KÖNIGSBERG.—On the day of the coronation the programme at the theatre will comprise Herr von Flotow's *Müller von Meran*, and the ballet of the "Four Seasons," from Verdi's *Vêpres Siciliennes*.

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